MEN

1943

OF

THE

SOIL

Men of the
Soil.

DEDICATION

To

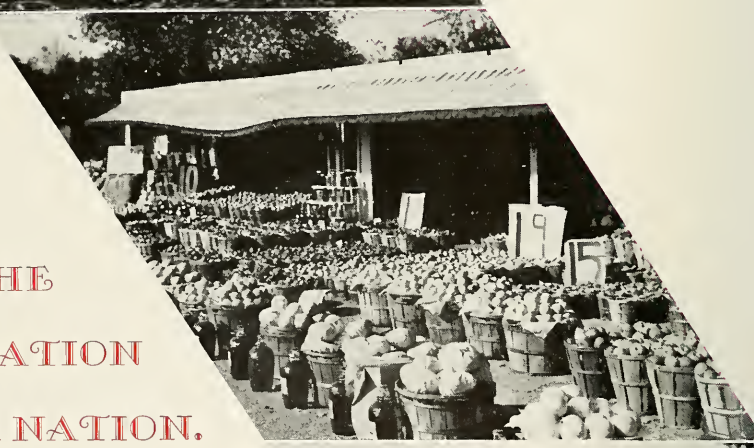
SOL SOSKIN

We dedicate this book to a regular fellow, from whose lips the smile has never waned. We shall always remember his happy countenance, his peppy greeting, his frank, tart criticisms and, in general, his hail - fellow - well - met attitude.

"Sos," a Farm School graduate, a true farmer, a man who loves nature, who is equally good at hard work and hard play; who has gained his success and happiness through the means which we ourselves look forward to employ.

Good luck to you, "Sos"!

MEN *of*



ARE THE
FOUNDATION
OF OUR NATION.
THEIR AIM IS TO
"BEAT SWORDS INTO
PLOWSHARES"

the SOIL

BUT WHEN
CALLED UPON,
THEIR PLOW-
SHARES WILL BE
THE MOST POWERFUL
SWORDS

THE STAFF

Editor

Business
Manager
and Typist

Literary

Business
Staff

Faculty
Advisors

THE
STAFF

DR. H. B. ALLEN
President

With the departure of our class the School will also lose Dr. Allen.

In his silent manner he introduced many progressive changes into Farm School life and we all will sooner or later benefit from his efforts to obtain college credit. The many gatherings in his home helped to create the close bond between students and faculty.

As our ways part we wish you, Dr. and Mrs. Allen, the very best of luck.

W. O. STRONG
Dean

For a man whom we have known for barely a year, Dean Strong is remarkably popular. His ever ready smile, his timely advice and his unusual interest in each and everyone of us has made us regret that we have not known him longer. We should like to express our sincere thanks for the valuable aid we have repeatedly gained from his advice.

S. J. GURBARG
Social Director

As a matter of fact, here is the one faculty member whom we shall always remember.

By his actions and many long friendly discourses he instlled us with a spirit of tolerance, co-operation, and friendliness.

We were fortunate in having this philosopher to direct our mental outlook.

SAMUEL B. SAMUELS
Coach

The exponent of aggressive spirit on our campus carried his famous slogan, "Fighting Hearts, We Can't Be Beat," into our numerous school activities and the various phases of our daily life.

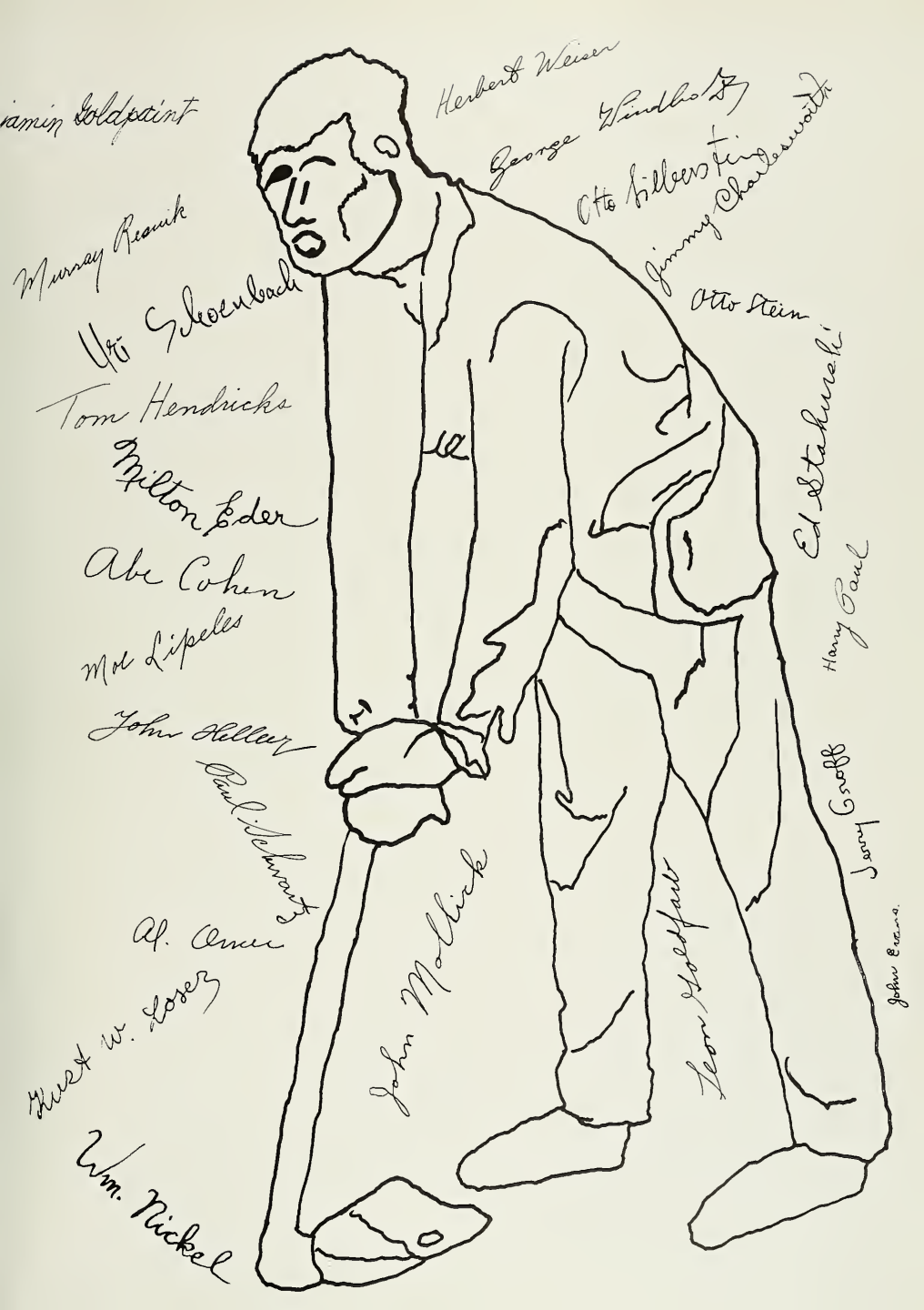
Mr. Samuels won us many a battle on the athletic field, thus teaching us how to win the battles we shall have to fight later in life.

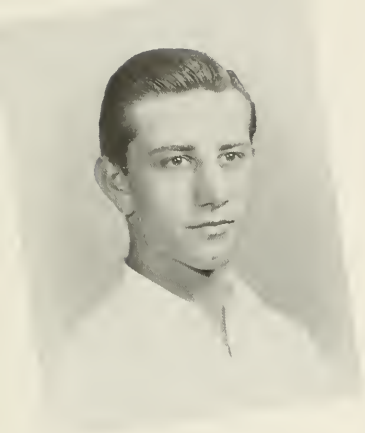
YOU MADE US

THE MEN OF THE SOIL

WE THANK YOU AND

WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU


Herbert Weiser
George Lindhorst
Otto Silberstein
Jimmy Charlesworth
Otto Stein
Ed Stakurski
Harry Paul
Jerry Groffe
John Evans
Leon Goldfarb
John Mollick
Paul Schwartz
John Heller
Mort Lipeles
Abe Cohen
Milton Eder
Tom Hendricks
Ulo Sloenbach
Murray Reznik
Benjamin Goldpaint
Al. Amen
Hurst W. Losey
Wm. Nickel



JAMES CHARLESWORTH
"Jimmy"

Hanoverton, Ohio — Augusta High School

A good guy, all-around man, one of the best athletes Farm School ever had, Jimmy took a leading part in many of our class activities.

Abe Lincoln would be envious of Jimmy's story-telling and Al Capone, of his smuggling activities.

A renowned lawn-mower, "Charley" gets that "not-so-dumb-anyway" attitude from telling the Latin names of plants to anyone who is willing to listen.

"Did I have her going," was envied by many would-be Romeos as a lover, his co-worker as a worker and by all visiting teams, as "the ball-artist."

To flee his cigarette clients and to save his shoe leather, this Hanoverton special moved to the sicklist for the duration.

Jim, who is sure to make a lot of friends, is going to become a landscape architect or a basket-ball coach.

ABRAHAM COHEN
"Bones"

Philadelphia, Pa. — Vineland High School

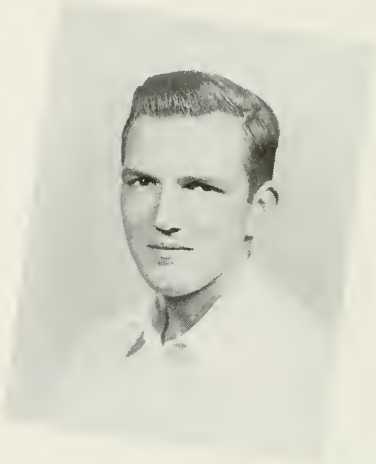
Arriving on our campus in his freshman year, weighing a mere 135 lbs., it was not long before Abe gained not only weight, but the respect of his classmates for being one of the best workers and most sincere farmers in our class.

He participated in many school activities, and rarely started anything which he did not bring to a successful conclusion, and although oil has been consumed in the process to fill a medium sized tank, Abe is now quite a finished trombone player.

Much to the annoyance of his fellow workers in the Hort Department, Abe insisted on a non-racketeering policy, but was not averse to tossing a few himself when the battle was in progress.

Keeping his love affairs on a platonic basis until the middle of his senior year, Abe suddenly blossomed forth as a potent osculator.

We feel sure that whether it be in love, war, or agriculture, Abe will see the job through and be one of the most successful members of our class.



MEN OF THE SOIL

MILTON EDER
"Farmer"

Green Lane, Pa. — Olney High School

Very quiet when he first entered school, he soon blossomed out into a first class socialite, under the expert tutelage of "De Groff."

Always the business man, Milton has owned just about every concession available, at one time or another in his Farm School career, has managed much of our class business for us, and in his spare time has farmed about half the unused land in Bucks County.

In his department Milton got along swell; even with Mr. Webster.

Milt spent most of his life on the farm, a fact of which he is justly proud, and the one skeleton in his closet seems to be the fact that he graduated from a city high school, but he "don't talk about that."

To his knack of looking out for himself, his love for agriculture, comes the fact that Milton is one of the few of us fortunate enough to be able to go right out onto his own farm.

JOHN EVANS
"Silent"

Gwynedd Valley, Pa. — Ambler High School

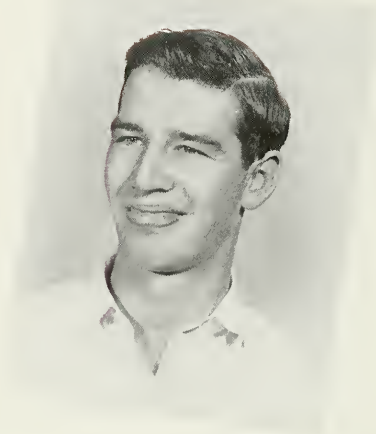
Hailing from nearby Gwynedd Valley, "Silent" John, was one of the quieter and more modest members of our class, who possessed a farm background, and fitted easily into our daily routine.

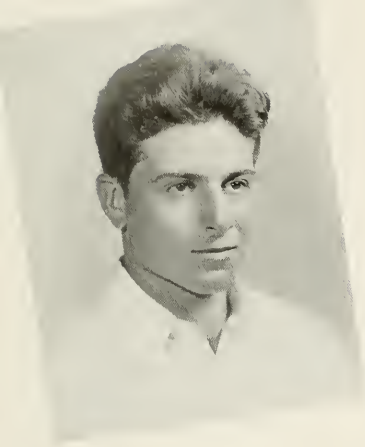
Although his social activities were limited to the home town, John was always there with a helping hand when it came to decorating the gym for the rest of us. He made his presence felt on the football field when we played our interclass rivals.

John has shown a sincere interest in his work, and the patience necessary to handle the chickens properly.

Although it has been rumored at times that John had a slight grip on Mr. Meisler's leg, we believe that this was partly due to the fact that he was more quiet and not as prone to argue as his fellow workers.

He will never be a super salesman, but we know that John will be able to market his products with the knowledge that they are the best.





LEON GOLDFARB

"The Glitz"

Liberty, N. Y. Newtown High School, L. I.

Aggressive is the word for Leon. Glitz was the captain of one of the most successful football and baseball teams, and president of one of the best classes the N.F.S. ever had.

Head of Dance, Oscar Committees, Glitz outdid his organization and business talents, by getting more ads than any business manager has ever gotten for the Senior Yearbook.

Errol, during his career as the President of the Student Council, did much to instill the Mutts with fear for that organization.

Goldie always managed to know all the answers on exams.

All these superlatives are very important to us, but the mainspring in Glitz's life are his amorous adventures. The "Memoirs of Casanova" look like "Little Abner" next to them.

Goldie was a sort of yeast for the rest of us; he drove us from inertia into activity. If he keeps it up, we are more than sure that he will always finish on top.

BENJAMIN GOLDPAINT

"—paint"

Philadelphia, Pa. Olney High School

Benny is famous for his unofficial dating bureau. The things he has done to his trusting schoolmates are exaggerated, however.

Always willing to lend a helping hand in our class activities, Benny devoted most of the time he managed to sneak out of Philadelphia, to his hobby. Benny was an ardent (yes, ardent) photographer.

He took (successfully at times) pictures of every instructor, student, girl, or other livestock that ever came to the N.F.S. His questions did much to keep us in high spirits during classes. Benny's numerous speeches usually had quite a response.

All kidding aside, Benny really improved a lot since he came here and literally blossomed forth into the Floriculture Major.

He was always able to get good jobs during his stay here and if he ever decides that there is no place in his life for flowers, he will be a great airport builder.

MEN OF THE SOIL

JERRY "DE" GROFF

"Saint"

Sellersville, Pa. Souderton High School

The glibbest, gabbiest, most enthusiastic article ever to bounce into our Alma Mater. Jerry left a deep impression on the school.

He was a pet of Mr. Samuels, as a cheer-leader who rose to be a football star; as business manager and headwaiter. He directed the band, and local harem, and his riding academy very successfully. "Reverend" introduced — imagine — pretty farm girls to the N.F.S., and vice versa.

Many a neighbor thinks Jerry owns the old N.F.S. In spite of, or because of his angelic looks, Jerry is likely to put anything over on anybody— in short, Jerry is the best Glitz in our class.

In the rare moments, Jerry accepted the hospitality of the Horticulture Department, and he was (for an unknown reason) Mr. Purmell's pride and joy.

A screw-out artist, most successful of the "Yanks," Jerry is sure to succeed, whether in putting life into some sleepy rural community, or as a supersalesman.

JOHN HELLER

"Hanza"

Chicago, Ill. Czeskoslovenské Akademické Gymnasium

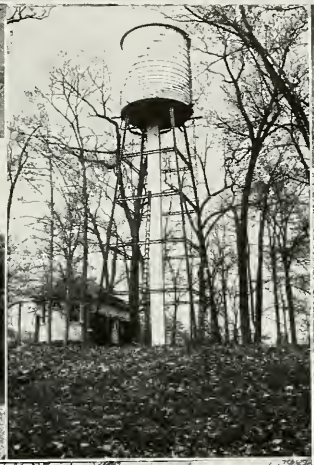
"Yu Hach ha," is our bouncing boy from Czechoslovakia. Short and to the point, he bandies no words, which is lucky as he is prone to commit mayhem on the English language which would make Webster turn green with envy.

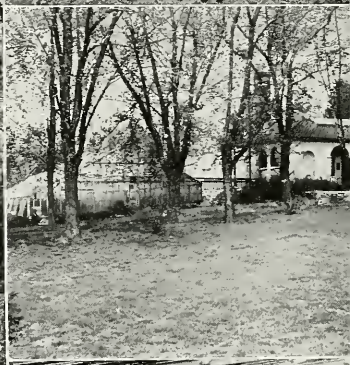
As a Hort senior, he was likely to be at odds with the instructors, but being built close to the ground he was an efficient worker, and often outpicked most of us.

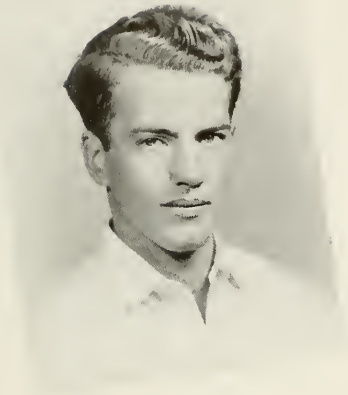
He had amazing luck as a hitch-hiker; no matter how cold, he could be seen thumbs up on the road, always warmed by the reception he would receive at the conclusion of his trip.

In his senior year he volunteered to put out a yearbook for us, and should be greatly commended for the fine job he has done.

A regular fellow in spite of himself, John has kept in pocket money by winning bets, and is a "sure thing" when it comes to being a success in his chosen field.







THOMAS HENDRICKS

"Hendrichio"

Philadelphia, Pa. Central Evening H. S.

Under the influence of Mr. Schmieder and other Chinese philosophers, Aloysius spent three years in devising ways to make things easier for himself.

Our instructors are to be thanked for giving this "Beau Brummel" his beauty sleep and thus making the "goils" look at him, so wistfully.

By some strange intuition, "One cell" always woke up when the right things were said.

The slickest arguer in Kensington, Tom cooperated on the Gleaner and Yearbook personalities and other humorous miscreations.

"Hendrichio" (named after his Sicilian ancestry) was catering, for the major part of his senior year, to the whims of a few cackling birds, only to realize that the future belongs to the insects. So it is a close run, whether bees or his wife will have to work for him.

If Tom's bees ever got to chasing him, he might end up as the president—of Ireland. But since this isn't likely, our one-and-only will own as many bee hives as he can manage by remote control.

MORRIS LIPELES

"Moody"

Caledonia, Wisc. Milwaukee S. Division H. S.

Coming east from Milwaukee, "Moe" never passed up an opportunity to publicize his home state; and we were soon familiar with beer, hops and Wisconsin dairies.

"Morose Moe" was one of the few members of our class who had the same roommate for his entire school career.

He was not the kind of fellow who did things half way, as evidenced by his Football and Basketball exploits, his housekeeping, and his lovelife.

Switching from Hort to G.A. in his Senior year, "Lip" could be seen rolling merrily along on his tractor, whistling an off-key version of his theme song "Hi, Neighbor,"—and that ain't hay.

His family moved to Caledonia, Wisc. in Morris's junior year and acquired a farm that promptly went to the "cleaner's;" and upon graduation Moe expects to return to the New Homestead which will undoubtedly develop into something that will be one more "Pride of Wisconsin."

MEN OF THE SOIL

KURT LOSER
"Buds"

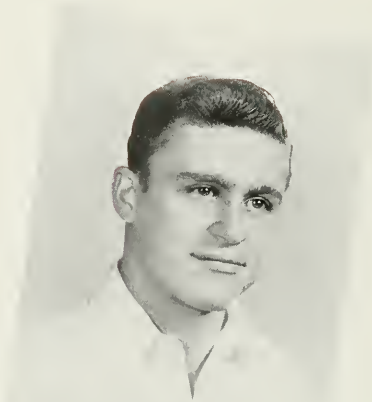
New York, N. Y. Kaiser Friedrich Gymnasium

When we look back on this year's successful football season, some of the credit will have to be given to the manager, who not only wrestled with the dummies and equipment, but who also efficiently performed the thankless task of making sure that the Varsity was tucked in on time.

Kurt, who lived (conveniently) next door to the cigarette concession, kept himself broke, buying white sticks, and it is said that if the butts were laid end to end they would reach from Farm School to Hanoverton, Ohio.

Usually quiet and unassuming, he could at times be seen searching the dining hall for Mutts, who had failed to respond to the gentle ministrations of the call boy, and had not gone to details. The oversight was quickly corrected.

Kurt takes his dairying seriously, and has a genuine interest in his cows. We feel sure that he will still be an efficient manager when he takes his place on the farm.



JOHN R. MOLLICK
"Ugh"

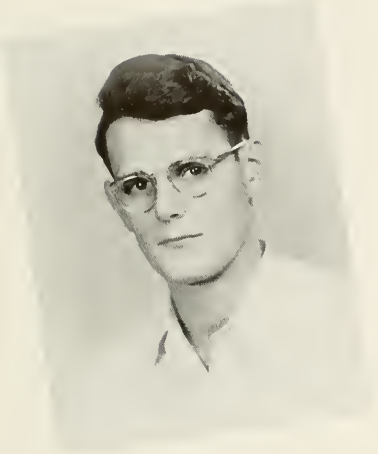
Philadelphia, Pa. Northeast High School

Although by no means the biggest, John is the muscle man of our class. On those rare occasions when he was assigned a job which was not the hardest to be had, John could be heard offering to switch assignments with those of us who do not possess such bulging biceps.

Muscles idea of a vacation is to go to his Grandfather's farm in Jersey and put in a sixteen hour day pulling a plow, or some other gentle form of exertion.

One of our mainstays in interclass football, and always willing to lend a hand in other class enterprises, John, "Let me get a word in edgewise," is rumored to have put more mileage on our trucks than the rest of the school combined.

His temperament could best be described as, "With malice towards none," quiet, steady, and efficient. He has earned for himself an enviable reputation, and we will long remember him as a good man to have behind the wheel.



WILLIAM NICKEL
"Chin"

Dunellen, N. J. Dunellen High School

Here is one man who won't have to hire a carpenter to build for him. Bill was easily the handiest man with tools in the class.

Although Nick's life was somewhat veiled with mystery, rumors have it, that he even got around in that fortress of Doylestown and points east of it.

"What do you say," knew his farming and cows, (although he seldom saw them over the weekend).

In addition, he had a solid grip on Mr. Cook's leg, for which he compensated by letting the shop man tug on his pedal extremities. Long will it ring in our classrooms—"Do you know, that Nickel made a hog shelter in thirteen minutes, chicken shelter in five minutes, foundation to the Administration Building in two hours. If you can do the same—you shall get a three."

Malicious tongues have it, that "Chin" always quit when he had the aces flying his way.

Nick always managed to look out for himself and we are sure that his mighty chin will help him plow his way to success.

AL ORNER
"Fats"

Brooklyn, N. Y. Newtown High School

No one could ever predict that that slightly obese, jovial zoot-suiter who lagged into our gates would be a future football player—yet, that is the way things turned out.

He must have been quite indispensible, for everybody noticed his absence before and after Sabbath. Yet, it seems that his poultry work did not suffer too much under those cruel interruptions. Al can hold his own with the best of poultrymen.

"Fatsy" really managed to stick to one woman, at a time, when he made his mind up; and the annals of history of the N.F.S. will proudly show this exception to our law of ethics.

Cards and headwaiting were his only vices. Shmaltzy was proud of the first one; the second vice made him feel so ashamed that he was seldom caught at it.

"Drive," Mr. Samuels says. "Drive," says Shmaltzy, our steadiest Romeo, in love, business, and all his future life.

MEN OF THE SOIL

HARRY PAUL
"Mysogynist"

Atlantic City, N. J. Atlantic City H. S.

Nothing ever happened anywhere to anyone that escaped "Blabber's" and thus everybody else's attention. His room was a refuge for all scavengers and other scum of the earth (classmates).

"Flatfoot" had his heart and "sole" in class activities and didn't even permit his somewhat corpulent figure to prevent him from playing ball.

Harry's sarcastic nature and a couple of inherited joke books made him the I. S. Cobb of the N.F.S. and the persistent editors made him write the humor and personalities for the Gleaner and Yearbook.

Some of his victims claim his eloquence stops only when he sees a she, but he is just waiting for the right one (so he says).

While Harry wasn't too bad a Hort. slave, his destiny is to oust J. L. Lewis from the Farm organizing business.

P. S. (Strictly deadline stuff.)
Harry found her.

MURRAY RESNIK
"Res"

Bronx, N. Y. De Witt Clinton H. S.

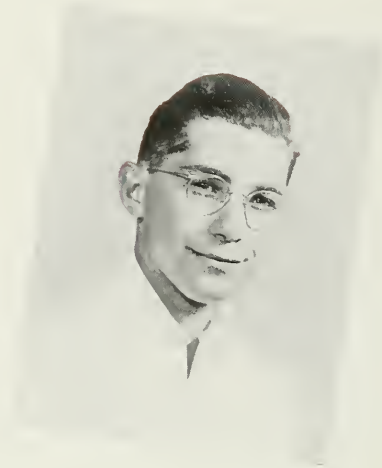
Possessed of a voice which has led many of us to believe that he is the inventor of a portable amplifying system, "Res" has gone straight ahead in proving that his heart is as big as his voice.

Besides his long list of class activities, Murray was one of those who were most responsible for making the plans of our recreation room a reality, and if it weren't for his typing, we would have had neither this Yearbook nor the Gleaner.

In his senior year a knee injury caused him to make many visits to the hospital in Philly, and we believe that his ailment changed to one of the heart (angina amoris) due to the influence of one of the nurses.

In the daily Poultry Meeting, Murray's vocal exercises made student and faculty alike, tremble before his spirited criticisms.

A letter man in baseball, and an excellent Poultryman, "Res" has proven beyond a doubt that all through life, he will be VARSITY.



URIEL SCHOENBACH

"Uri"

New York, N. Y. Newtown High School

All around the world, down to Manhattan and Farm School, Uri soon convinced us that New York left the greatest impression on him.

One of the askinest fellows of our class, Helmuth at times competed with "The Brain" and Benny, in asking some of the —est questions.

The Dr. Hyde part of Uri's existence was filled out with writing poetry, which had quite a peculiar charm, playing on various instruments working hard down at the dairy, and playing the "oomph girl" in our dramatic performances. The latter made Ann Sheridan look like an old hag.

Never shall we forget how anxiously Uri was expected on the campus only to disappoint the carnivorous upperclassmen because he wasn't the wise guy they were waiting for.

"Uri" is definitely headed for better things in life to which a stepping stone will be a professor's job at the U. of P.

PAUL SCHWARTZ

"Rebel"

Columbia, S. C. Columbia High School

One of the "Mity Mites" of our football team, little Paul had the annoying habit of getting tangled up in the legs of our opponents, and stopping them dead in their tracks.

The Rebel came "Nawth" from Columbia, So. Carolina, and received a warm reception at Farm School. With "Georgia" and "Bama" to back him up, the Civil War was fought again and again (verbally).

He began to trap in his freshman year and by the time he was a senior he had rid the campus of many a "Woods Pussy," but although he knew their habits, the skunks caught on to him occasionally, and the fact that he had not ducked quickly enough, soon became obvious to us all.

Rebel has at times been accused of being a "Yank" (look away) but that is only because he took a real interest in his work, and we know that when he has gone home to roost, his will be the layingest birds South of the Mason-Dixon Line.

MEN OF THE SOIL

OTMAR SILBERSTEIN
"Guest speaker"

Bayside, L. I., N. Y. 2, Bundes Gymnasium

Otto had the job as editor of the Gleaner dumped into his lap in the middle of his senior year, and in a few short months turned out more issues than had been seen in the previous 12 months.

Silber need never fear of making a living if he ever decides to leave farming, for in his three years here he is said to have made more speeches than 50 Congressmen at election time.

A camel is a light eater compared to this lad, for at each meal he seems to store up enough vitamins to keep an ordinary man going for a month, but no sooner has he finished eating, than his appetite gets the better of him again. Otherwise he is quite normal unless he sees "Red."

Having made up his mind to do something, Otto really digs in and finishes the job to the best of his ability.

No dilettante when it comes to agriculture, he really has his heart in his work and will be one of the better farmers of his community.

OTTO STEIN
"Little Dean"

Yonkers, N. Y. Günther Ross Real Gymnasium

The youngest member of our class, "Little Dean," will be no older at graduation than most of us were when we entered school, but he lost no time in convincing us that his middle name was "Precocious," and soon developed into one of the best mechanics in our class.

His nickname, "Little Dean," evolved from the fact that he seemed to know everything about anything that was going on at our different farms, plus the fact that he seemed to have a slight hold on the pedal extremities of some of our instructors.

Regarding the opposite sex, our budding Romeo has stated that he will chase no woman, but would condescend to let the women chase him, which is all right if he can get away with it.

Our Yearbook photographer was a great help when there was any work to be done for the class. Otto has a quick and retentive mind and has proven that he would be a valuable addition to any farm, and would soon make himself indispensible.

HERBERT WEISER

"Sechel"

Brooklyn, N. Y. — Newtown High School, Elmhurst, L. I.

F. D. R. certainly missed up when he left out Herby in making up his Brain Trust. But it is just as well, for he would have deprived us of many glad hours.

Always cheerful, whether as a cheer-leader or at the peak of his success as a basketball Varsity man, "the Brain" was at his best on dance week-ends. Maybe it was his personality, dancing, or some hidden character, but Herby sure had a way with the women.

You could see Herby mooching things once in a while; but then, he majored in Landscape. He is very sensitive on that point, in fact we understand that he started to return all the butts he borrowed. He is also said to have paid up all the dances in his Senior year.

Our Brooklyn representative was quite apt in the landscaping field. Unless he is called by the already mentioned Brain Trust, we expect to find Herby remodeling the parks in Brooklyn.

GEORGE WINDHOLZ

"Windy"

Chattanooga, Tenn. — High School R. G. VIII

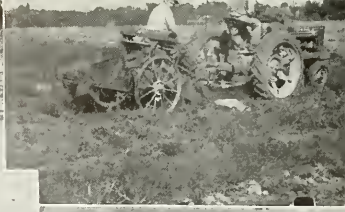
At the beginning of his senior year, "Windy" laid aside his books on medicine and concentrated on the dairy, and it was not long before he knew more family lines than any royal genealogist.

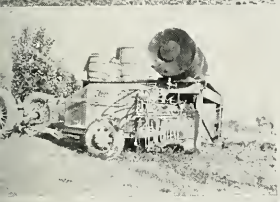
It's too bad that the "Doc" wasn't around when we had so great a food surplus for we feel sure that if he had been, the supply would not have been equal to the demand.

Taking his dairy work very seriously the "Herd Sire" could be seen in many conferences with Mr. Cook, and Professor Ingham, in fact we hear that nothing would please George more than having charge of our prize herd.

George, like one of our first presidents, lived in his hermitage surrounded by his minions, and dabbled in poetry which appeared on the pages of our paper.

Sincerely interested in his work, George keeps himself posted on the latest developments in his field, and we feel sure that he will be a valuable addition to any farm.





★ ★

You're In The Army Now, You're Not Behind The Plow . . . . .”

★ ★

Some Of Our Classmates Exchanged Overalls For Uncle Sam's Khaki So Shortly Before Graduation That We Consider Them A Part Of Our Graduating Class.

We Dedicate This Page To:

AL GERSON
NAT GREENBERG
DOVE SELIGMAN
HAL SHOENBERG

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

SIFTED SAND

Slowly drops the sand, as the grindstone grinds. The best grains drop, and the worst. We wish all these fellows could have stayed with us till graduation, but they decided to find their happiness some where else.

Good luck to you.

Paul Bien

Ken Birchman

Sam Birnbaum

Ernest Bram

Charles Brass

Walter Draving

Sol Dublin

Irving Ehrlick

Rudolph Fox

Jack Gellert

William Gerhart

Albert Gerson

Gustave Hamerman

Harold Jaffe

Abe Kaufman

Abe Kizner

Edwin Klein

Myren Kraiterman

Robert Landó

Harry Levison

Howard Meller

Edgar Miller

Leon McKinney

Herbert Nahan

David Nevelstein

Aaron Oken

Floyd Perlmeter

Melvin Powell

John Radovitz

Joseph Rentz

Milt Rosenberg

Robert Rudich

Ted Schwartzberg

Raymond Shraeder

Wolfgang Sonntag

Morton Weiss

William Wolfson

Harry Woolverton

Robert Zerfing

Bernard Zipper

ONE

STUDENTS

EDWARD STAHURSKI
"Studs"

Plains, Pa. Plains Memorial H. S.

In spite of his jovial appearance and nature, "Studs" learned and did more work in one year than some of us in three. Trying to feel that he was at home, "up in coalmines," Ed tried to teach his chickens all the Polish curse words they could take in. "Studs" is sure to run his future farm with great success.

Zycze szczesliwosci!

HAROLD POMERANTZ
"Hal"

Jersey City, N. J. Dickenson H. S.

A boon to the G. A. department, handsome Hal gobbled up the sundry skills of farming, yet he has digested these skills and is always prepared to apply them to advantage. Uncle Sam permitting, Hal expects to continue his education at an agricultural college. His diligence coupled with his pleasant personality book him for a sure passage on the ship of success.

VIC NEUMAN
"Handsome"

Phila., Pa. Lincoln Prep College

Vic, poultry's prize protege, was a fine addition to Farm School's fowl fanciers. He could often be found trying his hand at artificial insemination and other scientific poultry practices. Intending to aid the war effort on the farm front, Vic expects to start a poultry farm of his own. Lots of luck in your farm debut, Vic. Keep 'em laying!

LEON SHERMAN
"Peon"

Phila., Pa. Northeast H. S.

Better known as the "Thin Man," and "Leon the Peon," we find in Sherman a mainstay of the popular Hort Department. Leon has picked so many hort crops that it is difficult to recognize him without the arch in his back. Leon's versatile talents were always modestly displayed at class dances and affairs. Certainly, his co-operative manner will help him earn the life he longs for.

YEAR

FOOTBALL

For a group of wholly inexperienced football players hindered by the stress and strain of wartime, the Farm School football team in the fall of 1942 has achieved an enviable niche in Farm School's Hall of Fame.

With the aid of only four letter men from last year Coach Samuels took a group of inexperienced men and molded them into a miracle team. The Bulldogs in playing a tough six game schedule succeeded in winning five and tieing the last game 0-0. This was the first undefeated and unscored upon season in the history of the National Farm School.

A highlight of this season was a defeat handed the New York Aggies of Farmingdale, L. I., in a revenge game, giving N.F.S. the virtual championship of the Eastern Agricultural world.

This alert eleven was captained by Leon Goldfarb, stabilized and spirited by seniors, Moe Lipeles, Al Orner, Rebel Schwartz, and Jerry Groff, who were the factors which enabled the team as a whole to be led on to such great football fame. The Bulldogs can wish for no better future than to keep rolling along in the same fashion.

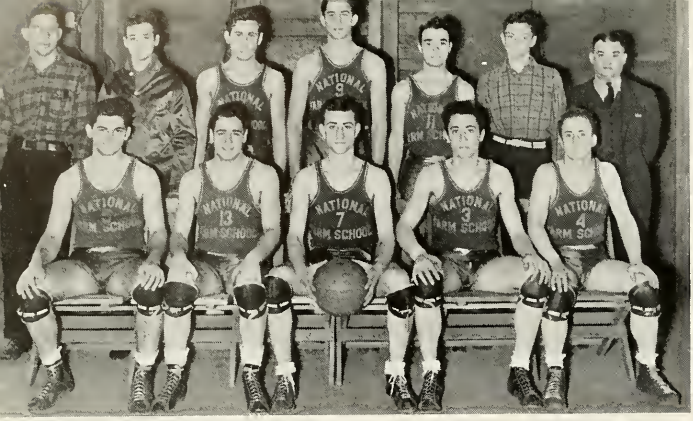
BASEBALL

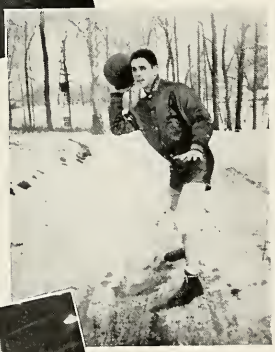
Although our football team is given credit for an exceptionally fine season, it must not be forgotten that our very successful sports season, on the whole, was started by the victorious record of our Farm School Baseballers last spring. With a record of five wins and one defeat, Farm School opened up 1942 in victory. The Farm School team, with four Seniors on its roster—Captain Goldfarb, Resnik, Charlesworth, and McKinney, lost its first game by a narrow score 7-6, but then the Fighting-Hearts-that-couldn't-be-beat returned to win the next five games by considerable scores. We avenged our one and only defeat by beating our first conquerer, N. J. School for the Deaf, 5-0.

Hearty support was given the Seniors by two Juniors, Raben, next year's captain; and Milligan, and by six Freshmen, Brunwasser, Steinman, Mascino, Moritz, Schneidman, and Snyder.

We played such teams as Fort Dix Medical, whom we defeated 4-3, and Olney High, 5-4. Temple Prep proved to be one of our most sensational victories. The score resembled that of a football game, 17-0. Throughout the entire season, the whole team was kept sparked up by the very helpful chatter of Captain Goldfarb, and the entire infield.

This spirit spread even to the Braintrust of Managers, Orner and Nabut. Coach Samuels, it seemed, formed a group of inexperienced players into one of the most successful baseball teams in Farm School history. It is gratifying to know that such an achievement was accomplished during the last year of the present Senior Class.





BASKETBALL

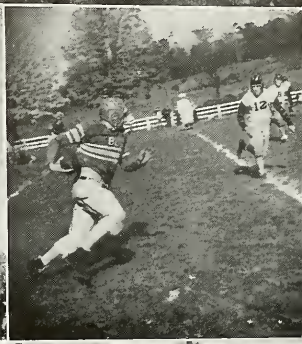
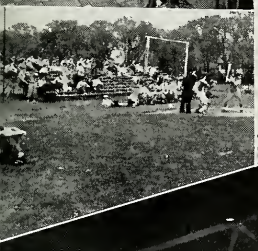
The 1943 Basketball team kept up the enviable record by adding a sixth straight successful season to the Farmers' list. The competition was keen, and the players had to give their all to make such a showing.

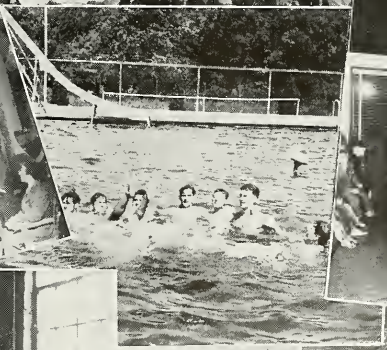
During the past season, the pressure on our players was really hard. Such games as Temple Prep, Malvern Prep, P. S. D., and Valley Forge, made us use all the stamina acquired during our work as well as all the skill Mr. Samuels so painstakingly taught us. Our motto, "Fighting Hearts, We Can't Be Beat," didn't play the smallest part in our success.

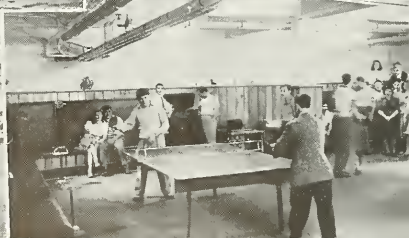
As usual, the Seniors were the backbone of the team. Having had a long high school varsity record, Jimmy Charlesworth showed us a game, which will be long remembered. Moe Lipeles, was a very spectacular player. When hot, Moe provoked applause which seriously endangered the foundations of our gymn. Herby Weiser made the varsity during his Senior year, and he proved to be a great asset to the team.

We have to mention the underclassmen: Dick Raben, Albert Brunwasser, Jeff Steinman, Jack Gurewitz, and Seymour Freed to complete the picture of a really outstanding team.

Keep the Bulldogs rolling in the future, boys!





STUDENT COUNCIL

Although the Council's activities were very limited during the past year, it accomplished a few outstanding things.

First: Council ran a few fine dances.

Second: This year the recreation room was completely renovated and in order to keep the room from becoming run down, the Council, had drawn up, a set of rules governing the use of the materials in the room.

Much credit is due Council President Leon Goldfarb and Murray Resnik, who were placed in charge of the maintenance of the room, for their fine effort in carrying out their jobs. We, who remain behind, intend to see that their efforts were not in vain.

Third (but not least): the Council did its usual share in ruling the scrimy mutts.

THE BAND

This year saw the band at all School Festivals, home football and basketball games, "pep" rallies, and assemblies, where our marches and popular numbers helped pep up the boisterous farmers. Recalling the Band that met in the spring of 1942, and comparing it to our present group, we can see a great change.

Under the impetus of our three Seniors, Jerry Groff, Band Leader; Uri Schoenbach, baritone; and Abraham Cohen, trombone; the band became known as the most active organization in the School.

We will always remember Lieutenant Frankel and his efforts and exasperations during the past year. With a heavy heart, we Seniors leave the Band, remembering all the fun and excitement we had and experience we acquired. We hope that the new Seniors and Juniors and the incoming Freshmen will maintain and raise the standards which we have revived.

VARSITY CLUB

At the beginning of the 1942 sports season, a small but eager group of Varsity Club members were determined to see their club expand; both in activities and memberships and they succeeded in their endeavors.

They promoted interclass competition in all sports and tournaments of all kinds. The Club also renovated the varsity club room, which had been run down during the past few years. Orner and Goldfarb deserve credit for the job.

It may be well to note that the members of this year's club turned out some of the finest sports records in the history of the School.

Those of us who are leaving, hope in all sincerity that the club will continue to roll forward in all its undertakings.

GLEANER STAFF

One of the first school activities to suffer from the effects of the war was the Gleaner.

With a last minute effort, however, the class of '43 rallied after months of threatened doom, to produce some of the finest Gleaner numbers ever issued.

With Murray Resnik always directly behind him, Otto Silberstein did an excellent job of pushing his faithful (if reluctant) staff members around. Somehow, he managed the impossible feat of producing four issues of our school publication within four months. It was largely his initiative and energy that altered not only the Gleaner's external appearance, but its literary appeal as well.

A school magazine is an extracurricular activity, which requires more cooperation from the various classes and more devotion of each staff member than any other.

Let us hope that all succeeding classes will support their Gleaner Editors.

JUNIOR CLASS

The old adage "In unity there is strength" fits the Junior Class, in 1942. When we entered Farm School in two sections in the Spring and Summer of 1941, we became a class—disunited and distrustful of school conditions and of one another. We were divided into the "early comers" and "late arrivals."

Toward the end of our Freshman year something occurred which awakened us from our lethargy. It may have been a dance or some other activity, but on the whole it must have been the realization that we were rapidly becoming Juniors and that small as we were in numbers, we should set an example of unity and fraternity.

From that time on, our class went through a complete metamorphosis and we have emerged in our Junior year as a class reborn in brotherhood.

Our class has been set up many times as just such an example of brotherhood, and we have been looked upon by both Seniors and Freshmen with a sense of envy—for we have accomplished that which is the goal of our entire student body—individuals in thought but unified in action.

FRESHMAN CLASS

Our History begins April 13, 1942 when a large body of us settled in the Bucks County Hills of N.F.S. to learn to farm the land.

We learned the new ways of life as we were to live it at N.F.S., and for several days we drank in the beauties of our new surroundings in peace and quiet.

Suddenly our happy existence came to an end with the advent of the "Freshman Rule Age." With this new era came the fearful S. S. A.

We survived, and with the determination which comes of long suffering, we entered into and became a large percentage of the Band, Gleaner Staff, Football, Baseball, and Basketball Teams.

We defeated the Juniors decisively in Baseball, Football, and Basketball. We supported all of the social affairs and carried on a successful dance ourselves.

Our short history has thus far shown lasting benefit to our beloved school and we shall make ever increasing contributions.

CLASS

On April first, 1940, fate placed into the lap of our Alma Mater a new foster child—the Class of '43. What a funny looking child it was! In its features could be seen a wild conglomeration of peoples and nations. There was that straight nordic forehead narrowing into a heavy galizian nose. There were eyes, blue, straight from Ireland, shaded by dark, curly hair from the South. There were girlish hands used to the soft jobs of the city, and wrists strong from working the soil. There was an athletic body supported by weak, flabby legs of mother's one and only. And there were those flat feet which apparently gave a sure footing to this mongrel.

With the awakening of this creature to Farm School life, there starts for each one of us a panorama of memories; a thrilling moving picture taking us through the last days of our boyhood, to the day when as serious minded grown ups we face a chaotic world ready and able to take responsibilities upon ourselves.

Will we ever forget those early days?

Mutts, wearing green caps and ties were having their first class meeting. How well we imitated the grown ups! Campaigns, elections, drawing up a constitution, and a silent vow to stick together. And we had to stick together, the pressure applied by the upperclassmen and the swishing of paddles made a determined unit of us, and when we marched down to the S. S. A. and crawled through the specially prepared gym we conceived the spark that made us win the most important sports events. Remember how hoarse you were after those boxing bouts when we sent those big heavy Juniors tumbling out of the ring?

Wasn't it more than a moral victory when we scored twelve first downs to the Juniors one in a football game that found both teams dressed up alike in a heavy coat of mud? And only the afternoon before we all had been shovelling the snow off the field to make the game possible.

Thus the class of '43 became an inseparable unit. Wherever we put our shoulders to the wheel there was success. The Hobo Dance when we were still Freshmen, and that one and only Junior Prom that gave us the feeling of importance. Yes, we became a true class of Farm School. Was it out at No. 4 or down at the Dairy? Or was it on top of Featherbed Hill, under a shower of apple blossoms that first time you thought, "It must be love."? Yes, we soon learned that this

HISTORY

was a wonderful place to live and love in.

And meanwhile, we had slowly but surely become farmers. Palms had become blistered and covered with callouses; backs had become strong, and muscles tight. Something in us made us crave for the land and the open whenever we were away, back in the city. The change was not only superficial; many, who didn't go through that change, left us, some of them our best friends.

Of course we also learned and studied in classes. Unforgettable are those hours with Mr. Schmieder when he tried so often and in vain to make us think and stimulate our ambitions. Mr. Antonioli is still in our ears as he says; "Youuuu shall get a thhreee." And we all know that sooner or later we all shall grow "Acresh of fruitsh and vegetablesh" as our Mr. Purmell taught us.

As we completed the season's work in our Junior year and having played gentle upperclassmen to a small Freshman Class, we were ready to take our final choice. "Am I majoring in the right department?", was the question in all our minds, when suddenly, Dec. 7, 1941, tore us out of our little peaceful world. Now we didn't know whether to stay here and struggle along on the home front, the unglorious fight, that brings only criticism instead of medals, only more and harder work as time goes on. Or should we follow the urge of every young fellow when it comes to fighting—go in there and finish it?

Thus our Senior year started. Although many of our classmates left us, we brought to a successful end another season's work. Again we were good brothers to the newly arrived Freshmen and we even donated to them our "Mutt Song," that had kept our spirit high when we started out at the very bottom of the ladder. Our Senior Prom, under the motto of an impressive V for Victory, turned out to be the most successful dance in the history of our Alma Mater.

Time flew fast during the last months of classes. Realizing our importance at the present, we are now ready to step out of the gates taking with us all our knowledge and memories accumulated in three years.

It is hard to say where life will take us. Many of us shall go into the services while others will stick it out on the farms. We are sure of one thing, however. Wherever we are placed we shall put our very best into doing our share, be it in turning under the soil, or in turning under the enemy.

CLASS

Time: 1963: The war has been fought and won, and the members of the National Farm School class of 1943 are now married middle-aged men who have established themselves as solid members of their communities. The great majority of them have continued in their chosen field of agriculture, and are doing very well.

In a recent survey made by the Alumni Association, the following information concerning the whereabouts of the members of the class, was obtained:

John Heller is the owner and operator of a small but efficient Hort farm on Long Island, which is said to be a marvel of the mechanical age. He has succeeded in reducing the labor to a point where it no longer exists, and still manages to make a good living from the land. (He runs a small livestock enterprise on the side.) His neighbor, Otto Silberstein, has finally managed to make his production exceed his consumption and is producing fine crops for the local market, least of which is a bumper crop of "Carrot Topped" bambinos.

John Mollick has settled on his grandfather's farm in South Jersey and has been producing record breaking crops, but has been petitioning his Congressman for a 28 hour day; not enough exercise, he complained.

Milton Eder is now very well established on his farm at Green Lane, and John Evans is now running the family farm near Ambler.

Bill Nickel, after working on many a farm around the country, and having plowed many a furrow, has worn the edge off his chin and not wishing to go to the trouble of having another moldboard grafted to it has settled down on his own dairy farm near Dunellen.

A letter from upper New York (2c short in postage) brings us the glad tidings that Leon Goldfarb has been elected the Mayor of Glenn Wild, and has on his very modern poultry farm some of the most advanced laying houses in the country. His fellow poultryman, Al Orner, is not only half owner of the poultry farm but he also has a large interest in his bosses defense plants. Since his recent marriage the mothers of Yerkes, Pa., have heaved a great sigh of relief.

Murray Resnik, champion hog caller of Westchester County, when he is not scaring his chickens into a molt, hits record production. A flash from the Tel Aviv Sports Arena: Mastadon Seligman, the Palestinian Powerhouse, has just defeated "The Angel" in a fight to the finish.

A thick tome bound in tooled Morrocan leather was received recently, and upon perusal turned out to be Schoenbach's latest treatise on "Mohamidanism vs. Rhubarb Silage for Increased Milk Production."

PROPHECY

"Colonel Texas Nate" Greenberg dropped in the other day to paint a rosy picture of how he had trained moles to dig tunnels for the Engineers. He also reports that he has finally solved the meat shortage in Hawaii.

Kurt Loser is herdsman for the Government's new experiment station, and Paul Schwartz has revolutionized the poultry industry by training a swarm of lightning bugs for use instead of artificial light in his laying houses. He is now involved in a court battle with the Dixie Electric Light Company, who are trying to spray flit on his flock.

Thomas Aloysius Hendricks, draped over his favorite Kensington bar, is the absentee owner of a large Bee Syndicate whose motto is "See Hendricks and you'll get stung."

James Charlesworth has made a great name for himself as a Basketball coach and is now on tour with the Hanoverton Bloomer Girls. He has them going all over the country.

Herb Weiser is now head of the Brooklyn Park Department, where he puts on snake charming acts for the kiddies and their nurses on Saturday afternoons.

A package containing a monogramed beer mug and a letter postmarked Milwaukee enlighten us as to the whereabouts of Moe Lipeles. His main crop hops, is being readily consumed by the owner of the famous, "For better breed cows, see Windholz," farms.

Benjamin Goldpaint is now raising flowers for the Philadelphia Market and also sticks to his old hobby of cultivating canine friendships, while Abe Cohen continues to grow bigger and better wine grapes on his farm in New York.

Otto Stein, feeling very proud because he was old enough to vote at the last election, wrote to tell us that his farm machinery repair shop near King of Prussia, is thriving and expanding all the time.

As for myself—I hesitate to make any prediction until I see my classmates' reaction to this humble effort to lift the veil of the future.

Mellowed by time and strife I feel sure that the memories we have of N.F.S. still mean much to all of us and may 1963 still find you smiling and slightly nostalgic as you think of the class of '43.

P. S. Jerry Groff paid his monthly visit to School yesterday to collect the rent for Ullman Hall and the Administration Building. He is now a gentleman farmer and one of the biggest real estate men in Eastern Pennsylvania.

WHO WAS TOPS

Most versatile ..... Groff

Most thorough ..... Cohen

Most entertaining ..... Paul

Most popular ..... Goldfarb

Most forward ..... Heller

Handsomest ..... Hendricks

Cleverest ..... Hendricks

Best dressed ..... Nickel

Biggest yank ..... Groff

Best writer ..... Heller

Best athlete ..... Charlesworth, Goldfarb

Did most for the class ..... Goldfarb

Greatest lover ..... Orner

Best business man ..... Eder

Best workers ..... Mollick, Cohen

Tardiest ..... Seligman

Best musician ..... Cohen

Misogynists ..... Paul, Loser

Sleepiest ..... Hendricks

Youngest ..... Stein

Cutest ..... Schoenbach

Cleanest ..... Resnik

Best dancer ..... Weiser

Best farmer ..... Eder, Mollick

Strongest ..... Mollick

Quietest ..... Evans

Biggest wolf ..... Heller

Best Heine ..... Silberstein

"Eatenest" ..... Windholz

Brainiest ..... Weiser, Goldpaint

THANKS

. . . to Dr. Allen for lending us his snapshots.

. . . to J. A. Gardy Printing Co. for the nice printing job.

. . . to Mr. Morris Jacobs for his advice.

. . . to Messrs. Gurbarg, Samuels, Strong, and Ellman for their help.

. . . to Albert Appel, '45 for his typing.

. . . to Walter Yaniak and the Class of 1942 for advice, help, and cooperation.

. . . to Mr. L. R. Benedict.

. . . to the Phototype Engraving Co., for the beautiful engravings.

. . . to the National Publishing Co., for their tasteful covers.

. . . to all advertisers.

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